The Symbolism of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

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By
J. S. Pattinson

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The Symbolism of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

THERE is perhaps no writer known to the present age who is so frequently quoted, and often mis-quoted, and who is more read and probably little understood by the serious minded of the public, than the Persian-Poet-Astronomer who is known to us as Omar Khayyám. He has been denounced from the pulpit as a heathen pessimist ; the Materialist has used him in defence of his arguments with regard to life and the universe ; the Agnostic has taken refuge behind some of his most popular quatrains, and the Epicurean has held him up as a type of the cultured sensualist ; whilst most readers, forbearing criticism, have been fascinated by the diction, and carried pleasantly along on the flow of Fitzgerald's rendering of the stanzas.

Edition after edition, illustrated and otherwise, has passed through the press,

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and many of the stanzas have been set to music, but so far there seems to have been little or no attempt to understand the Rubáiyát, or probe into its real meaning; and if such interpretation as has gone forth be legitimate, then it is quite as legitimate to seek for a spiritual interpretation, based upon a critical examination of the stanzas, and upon the symbols and metaphors used by the writer. Nor can this claim be disallowed, since it is now impossible to say positively what was the poet's intention, whilst even the genuineness of some of the quatrains cannot be authoritatively established, and also that we possess but fragments of a larger and more complete work.

In writings of this character, which through their intrinsic worth and their appeal to human experience become "classic," there is surely hidden some Truth for all ages, some answer to the universal quest of the soul of man, and it is in the hope of finding some solution for these seekers, and at the request of many such, that the present attempt is put forth.

Nor do we need to seek very far before we come upon evidence of a quite satisfactory kind, that it was no sensualist or

pessimist who invites us into his confidence, for what such person would be willing to accept the poet's standard of happiness :—

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine, and Thou*
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Were Paradise enow.

(*That is, the nightingale).

Stanza xii.

Surely there is nothing here to warrant modern criticism, nay on the contrary, there is a call to the reader to try to discover the meaning hidden in this modest claim on Paradise, to leave behind him all values connected with the world of pomp and show, and far from the " music of the distant drum " to consider the verities of life and experience.

Again, from the slight knowledge we have of the life of Omar, we are bound to admit that it all militates against the charge of either sensualism or pessimism. A student from his early years, a diligent scientist when circumstances set him free to follow a chosen career, and his modest request to live in retirement and be buried

where roses might bloom upon his grave, when riches, fame, and earthly pleasures were within his grasp, all go to contradict the popular opinion concerning this popular poet.

And further still, when Omar is quoted there is little or no attempt made to distinguish between his own philosophy and that of the decadent and spurious Sufism of his day, which he holds up to ridicule with no sparing pen. Generally speaking every sentiment expressed is fathered upon the author, a process by which little is arrived at but confusion of thought caused by endless contradictions.

And perhaps the greatest stumbling block to a more correct understanding is the Eastern form in which the whole is expressed, for although in certain directions the western mind is awaking to the necessity of understanding the symbolism and imagery of a totally different kind of literature from its own, the popular mind is not yet very enlightened upon this point, and taking everything at its face value and literal meaning, often arrives at a quite erroneous conclusion, for here, as with all

inspired writings, " the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth Life."

It is, therefore, in the hope of in a small measure clearing away some of these almost ready-made opinions that the present little treatise is put forth, since the author thereof, having found much spiritual enlightenment and mental enjoyment in the deciphering of the imagery employed, there may also be those who find the attempted explanation an introduction to a similar enjoyment.

As little is known of the life story of Omar, and as what little has been authenticated by others is succinctly told in Fitzgerald's translation, the following short account is copied from the Introduction to the Golden Treasury edition of the Rubáiyát for 1904, which is itself gathered from various sources.

According to this account " Omar Khayyám was born at Naisháṕur in Khorassán in the latter half of our eleventh and died within the first quarter of our twelfth century. The slender story of his life is curiously entwined about that of

two other very considerable figures in their time and country, one of whom tells the story of the three. This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizier to Alp Arslán the son, and Malik Shah the grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble successor of Mahmud the Great, and founded the Seljukian Dynasty, which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk in his Wasiyat or Testament, which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future statesmen—relates the following, as quoted from the *Calcutta Review*, No. lix., from Mirkhond's "History of the Assassins."

"One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán, was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly honoured and reverenced—may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eight-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran, or studied the traditions in his presence, could assuredly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the Doctor of Law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. . . . When I

first came there I found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit, and the highest natural powers, and we three formed a close friendship together. Now Omar was a native of Naisháp'ur, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life, and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, "It is a universal belief that the pupils of Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now even if we do not all attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?" We answered, "Be it what you please." "Well," he said, "let us make a vow, that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." "Be it so," we both replied, and on these terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassán to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul, and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.

"He goes on to state that years passed by and both his old school friends found him out and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the schoolboy vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request. . . .

"Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share, but not to ask for title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." The Vizier tells us that when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal of office, he pressed him no further, but granted him a pension from the Treasury of Naishápúr.

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, "busied," adds the Vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high pre-eminence. . . . .

"When Malik Shah determined to reform the Calendar, Omar was one of the eight

learned men employed to do it. The result was the Jaláli Era, "a computation of Time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." He is also the author of some astronomical tables, and the French have lately re-published and translated an Arabic Treatise on Algebra.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tentmaker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám ul Mulk's generosity, raised him to independence. . . .Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

Khayyám, who stitched the tents of Science
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the Broker of Hope has sold him for nothing.

" . . . It is written in the Chronicles of the Ancients that this King of the wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápúr in the year of the Hegira, 517 (A.D. 1123); in Science he was unrivalled, the very paragon of his age. Khwájah Nizámi of

Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, relates the following story: "I often used to hold conversation with my teacher Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spoke, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after when I chanced to re-visit Naisháṕur, I went to his final resting place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them."

Such is the brief sketch we have of this much abused poet, surely a clean record of a beautiful soul aflame with a love of Truth, and full of the glory of Nature and Man himself, if Man could but awake to his real birthright.

The Style

It needs but a moment's thought to realize that Omar must find his place among the Satirists who have claimed the attention of the ancient and modern world, and that he should be ranked with Lucian, and in our own time with Carlyle, and in some respects with George Bernard Shaw. Like Lucian and Carlyle, he holds up for ridicule the decadent forms and dry-as-dust doctrines of some of the leading religious and philosophic teachers of his time, and discusses the false moral deductions drawn from the perverted aspects of what should have been the Truth, as he found it in the wider experience of Life, and realized it in the spiritual illumination of his own inner consciousness. Hence, not only the sophism of a corrupted form of Sufism, but the pauperising elements which had even then crept into the Christian teaching, come under his scathing criticism, while against these he points the way to a truer and nobler understanding of the value and destiny of Man.

Like George Bernard Shaw, he also delights in extravagant statements which arrest the attention, provoke thought, and sometimes even contradiction, and thus throw the reader back upon his own judgment and experience before he decides to accept or reject the idea; and one can fancy the three chuckling to themselves in private, at the literal way in which these statements were accepted by a not too discriminating public.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty lies in the abundance of symbology used, which in itself is not familiar to the great majority of Western readers, accustomed as they are to direct allusions, scientific formulæ, and more or less stereotyped forms of literary expression.

True, as already hinted, there is arising a school of thinkers, who, recognizing this aspect of Eastern literature, have set themselves to probe behind the scholastic and academic interpretations, which have too long obscured the true meaning of the Scriptures or inspired writings of the human race; the veil of literalism is being rent and we are venturing into the holy

places to discover for ourselves the mystic meaning of the treasures hidden therein.

For to Omar, as to all Philosophers worth the name, Truth was of paramount importance, hence, living in an age when, those who should have been the custodians of the Divine Wisdom were feeding the people upon the husks of dead formalities, and either false or worn out dogmas, he delighted in tearing asunder their veils, overthrowing their tables of exchange, and like the Prophet of Nazareth, he strove to cleanse the Temple of his time and country, in which process the Sufis, who should have been the leaders in the search for Truth, come under the lash of his sarcasm, as also incidentally, the foreign elements which were even then corrupting the Christian faith.

So it comes about that many of his most scathing utterances and most startling statements belong really to the teaching which it was his aim to expose in its falsity, and hence in order to understand him, it is necessary to separate between his own ideas of Truth and Morality, and those which he brings forth but to condemn, as only by so doing can one arrive at a correct value of his work.

But even of more importance is his profuse use of Symbolism, that style so characteristic of all Eastern literature, a style which the West is now beginning to appreciate to some extent, and is now modifying its too scientific method and making an effort to probe behind the symbol or metaphor, in order to find the hidden jewel, and it is along this line more than any other that the Rubaiyat can be truly understood.

Rich indeed are the treasures thus revealed, pearls of great price worth the diligent search of the student of Truth, and herein probably lies part, at least, of the explanation of the fascination these stanzas possess for readers who could give no very satisfactory reason for the fascination, but who yet feel that this old Astronomer Poet knew something of life and of human aspirations and weaknesses, and that concealed within the literary beauty of the stanzas there lies hidden a noble philosophy for the guidance of the average toiler through the mysteries of life and destiny.

Indeed, with all emotional or imaginative peoples, we find this natural outlet of

expression. The parable, the image or picture, the symbol which enshrines a meaning, the delicacy or intimacy of which would be sullied or made vulgar if described in bare intellectual form. Glamour, some people may be inclined to call it, but glamour, unless it be carried into mental and moral weakness, is surely one of the most precious gifts of the soul of Man, for is it not the irradiation of all finite things, so that the intrinsic glory of the divinity behind shines through; so that charmed by this glory from the inner worlds, we are cheered and helped in our passage even through sordid experiences by the belief that "things are not what they seem," and catching a glimpse of the real amid the forms and shadows of the unreal, the face of Nature and the faces of our fellow men become glorified as we realize the divine possibility in all.

Hence all religions have had their mysteries, their magic, the glamour of the Heavenly cast over the Earthly form, and Art, and Poetry, and Music, as well as religion lives not by proven fact, but by radiance from beyond.

The Symbology

Before dealing directly with the Symbols involved, it is necessary to have some little understanding of the main trend of the Sufi teaching. Ma-Aruf defined Sufism as "A Theosophy, and its aim an endeavour to apprehend the Divine Mysteries." According to it, souls, although one in essence, differed in degree, but nevertheless they were all on the Path, whether consciously or unconsciously, tending towards union with the Divine, the stages being Repentance, Renunciation, Poverty, Patience, and finally, Acquiescence with the Will of God. In the later stages, the more advanced souls or mystics arrived at a height of ecstasy which could only be described as that of intoxication, a form of religious emotion well known to mystics of all countries, but more especially of the East. But like most religious developments, pure at their source, this teaching had not only become degraded, but there had also mingled with it misunderstood phases of Buddhist, Greek and Moslem thought, as well as much erroneous doctrine, which had by this time invaded

Christianity, so that the earnest pilgrim desiring to find the Truth, found himself in the midst of theological disputes and moral sophisms.

Also, although in the first instance used to veil the inner secrets of Sufism from the unworthy, symbols were freely employed, yet in the very nature of the development of such a religion, metaphors and symbols would arise out of the common life and customs of the people, since the life of man in its corporate capacity can never be quite dissociated from his spiritual experiences, and hence the ordinary incidents and methods of human activities of any given age or country, become interwoven with the expression of the religious aspirations of the people, and serve to explain the inner mysteries to those who are still outside the magic circle of the initiated.

So here; not only the secret teaching, but also the style of life, provide a richness of symbolism, amidst which the Western student may well be led astray, and yet the whole explanation depends on a correct interpretation of the symbols employed, and among these we find abundant reference to

The Tavern

This local colouring which inevitably creeps into the symbolism, is at once apparent when in the second stanza we meet with the Tavern or Caravanserai :—

Methought a voice within the Tavern cried :—
"When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

To modern minds the tavern is merely suggestive of a low class public-house, thronged by a crowd athirst for alcoholic stimulant; but even in our own country such is a degraded form of a once cultured element in the life of England; for the Tavern was the meeting place of Authors, Artists and Wits, and within its then academic environment were carried on the keenest arguments upon men and manners, literature and religion; for the *Tavern* or *Tabernus* is really the *place of the Table,* and the *Table* is the *Altar,* so that within the Tabernacle or place of the Altar, gather those who desire common help and sustenance along the difficult and dangerous ways of human experience.

But there is much more significance in its use in Eastern imagery, for apart from its importance as the meeting and halting place of merchants, students, doctors, peoples of all types from East and West, the Tavern or Caravanserai is related to the idea of the Pilgrimage, and the Pilgrimage was the Sufi idea of Life. To them all souls were on a Path, Life was essentially a Pilgrimage, and the Tavern, therefore, symbolizes life as we generally understand it, the meeting place of human entities where the interaction of experiences takes place, where we meet and part and share a common lot, and work out our salvation amid the various activities of men; for to Omar it was in Life itself, through human experience, that the mystic Pathway wound its way to union with the source from which the pilgrim soul first issued forth, and returning time after time to the Tavern

Whose portals are alternate night and day,

his great search was for the Wisdom, which, according to the popular opinion, was preserved and hidden from men behind the doors of desecrated Temples.

But the Caravanserai takes on a still deeper significance when we carry forward

with it the idea of the Pilgrimage, as it developed into the Hospice connected with the religious orders of later times. Here, too, was the meeting place of those upon the way to shrine or Temple, their outer form and semblance a symbol of the desire of the soul, and the one who ministered to either physical or spiritual need was the Host, and the Host is one who sacrifices himself, and desires only the comfort and true good of the Guests who tarry but a while and then depart. However far we may have disassociated this idea from the word Host, and like Tavern, it is degraded from its proper use, yet the fact remains that the Host is the consecrated elements of the Eucharist, that which gives graciousness or heavenly qualities to the soul, and also he who distributes divine favours with grace and loving-kindness.

So we arrive at the true meaning of the Tavern or Taberna, the place of the Altar, the heart of man himself, for it is within the holy place of the heart that the true feast is laid, and it is from out this holy place that the Host hands forth to his fellow Pilgrims that which will meet their inner need; Host and Guest, the One who distributes and the Guest who passes on

his way; the Lord of Life and the traveller to some Shrine or Temple on the long road which leads to the City with *no* Temple therein; Bread and Wine the universal symbol of the human and Divine amid all the discords, weariness, sorrow and hope deferred, the pleasures and joys, the faiths and aspirations of those who struggle together in Life's Wondrous Caravanserai.

So to Omar the Tavern was the world of men and things, of general experience, and what he desired for one and all was, like a good Host, to provide for these people, or urge them to find for themselves True Wisdom, the Wine of Life, and it is rather significant in this connection of Tavern and Temple that in our Law Courts we have the same combination of the Temple and the Inn.

The Temple

It might seem at first sight as though the Temple, the supposed to be place of the Divine Presence, should be the goal to which the Pilgrimage would tend, and where oppressed or seeking souls would find instruction and help in their search after Wisdom. But this popular idea has its rise in the ease with which we accept false values, and the veil cast over us by the seeming reality of material objects—for the Temple is a thing of Time, it grows from the same root, and is but a temporary institution intended to serve a certain purpose and then to pass away, or rather to be superseded by a fuller knowledge with regard to the true Temple. This should be quite apparent to the student of the Christian Gospel, if he will take the plain teaching of its founder, who discarded the Temple of his day, after his early attempt to find Wisdom from those who taught therein, even as Omar a thousand years later discarded the teaching of "doctor and saint," and the two-and-seventy sects, in

his search for the one true Light :—

And this I know : whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One Flash of it within the Tavern caught,
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

Stanza lxxvii.

Hence, when we come at the real derivation of the word, we understand not only the meaning of our old Persian Poet, but more important still, of the attitude taken by the Nazarene Teacher towards the Temple, or outer Symbol of the organized religion of His day. Belonging as He probably did to a section of the people intent on the search for this one True Light, he grew up in connection with the Synagogue, those who walk together, as in the mystic Pilgrimage, the synagogue being equivalent to the Tabernacle, the Taberna or Tavern, Life itself, and in this connection it is interesting to note, that legend places the birthplace of Jesus outside Jerusalem or seat of the Temple, and in the precincts of a Caravanserai or Tavern.

But further still; His teaching was given to those outside the Temple, and the religion as by law established; He preached to men along the common ways of Life, He

condemned the outer Temple to destruction, to be replaced by the human body which was to become the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and His beloved disciple who had entered into the mysteries of the Kingdom, in his vision of the Holy City, could truly exclaim: "I saw no Temple therein"; that is, nothing that had to do with Time, for the worshippers themselves had become the Temple, a living Temple not made with hands.

With these considerations in mind we can now see why Omar contrasted the Tavern and the Temple, Life itself in which the great architect was fashioning to Himself the souls of men, or to use the poet's own simile, the Potter was moulding vessels fit to be recipients of His Divine Wine or Elixir, and the stereotyped and soulless arguments of those who should have been distributing the living Bread, for in those days as in these, it is again true, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth Life."

But even here it is possible to come to a wrong conclusion, namely, that Omar was averse to all retirement from the hurry and bustle of the outer world, in order to pon-

der over and find if possible, some solution to the problems of the ways of God within the hearts and minds of men. Indeed, Omar would have been no mystic had he not known the value of such quiet resting times, when in the solitude, and in communion with one's own soul, the things which are the unseen are known to be the real and eternal, and to this he invites all who will thus commune with him, to leave the place where slave and Sultan alike work out the web of destiny, and seek

A strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,

and there out of sound of the martial drum which calls to action, or the muezzin which calls to the ceremonial prayer, to consider the great issues of human existence.

Wine

Throughout the stanzas the symbol most frequently used, and the one most inveighed against by the Christian pulpit, is that of Wine, in spite of the fact that the founder of that religion named himself the True Vine, and justified that title by transmuting water into wine. Of course, we should be at once reminded that all this has a mystic signification; just so, and if such metaphors were mystic in Palestine, so they were a thousand years later in Persia, for Wine has for countless ages been the Symbol of the Spirit, the Divine Life or Power through which we exchange the inert conditions of matter for the intoxication of conscious union with the Divine.

We are told that the drink of the earliest races of mankind was water, that later milk became the beverage, but that with the coming of the Lords of the Flame and the gift of Mind, that not only was the red blood evolved, but that wine became the drink, which is all part of the mystic teaching, for as the red blood carries within it the possibility of pleasure and pain

so keen, that we have not yet solved the whole gamut of our evolution as a sentient race, just so Wine stands for the inflowing of the Divine Life itself, the source of all possibilities on all planes, the spiritual force through which man in spirit would be able to rise into the Divine Worlds in conscious union with the Divine Giver of the Life. So to Omar Wine was the Spirit, as opposed to the letter of the Sufi Teaching, in so far as that teaching had fallen away from the Truth; Wine was the Truth itself, that which he had sought for in the Temple, and failing to find it there, had turned to his inner consciousness to find within the true solution through the spiritual inspiration derived from the source of Wisdom itself.

And lately by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the dark an Angel shape
Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder—and
He bid me taste of it: and 'twas—the Grape.*

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden Metals into gold transmute.

(*That is, the Divine Wisdom).

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the Growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse—why, then, Who put it there?

and again in stanzas lxxv. and vi.,

I tell you this. . . . . .
In my predestined plot of Dust and Soul
The Vine hath struck a fibre—which about
If clings my being (let the Sufi flout),
Of my Base Metal shall be forged a Key
Which shall unlock the Door he howls without.

So Wine was to this Mystic what it is to the devout communicant of to-day as he kneels before a Christian Altar, the emblem of the Life of God in the Soul of Man, and such it has been all down the ages since Man received this universal Symbol from the Great Initiates, and it is far from a fancy story or even historical event, that the quality and Virtue of the Promised Land was attested by the Grapes borne out from thence. Milk for babes, strong Meat or Wine for the Initiate; the letter of the Law for the materialist and Moralist, but the Wine of the Spirit for the Pilgrim who desires to enter the Promised Land.

The Cup

Associated with the idea of Wine, we of necessity have mention of some vessel or cup, and it is possible that this necessity gave rise to the Symbol of the Potter, or maker of vessels.

When we consider into how many of the customs and habits of humanity the use of the Cup enters, we begin to realize the universality of the Symbol. Very often the first gift a child receives is its christening cup; at weddings we drink the health of bride and bridegroom, and at funerals drinking vessels of some kind are used. In the old days guests were received at the gate of Castle or Manor House with the cup of greeting, and on their leave-taking with a parting cup, and in these modern times at our greeting and parting festivities the cup in some form is a necessary part of the ceremonial. We speak of a cup of comfort or of sorrow, and many of the flowers used as our national emblems are really cups, as for instance, the Rose of England, which was at first the wild or chalice shaped flower, the Thistle and Harebell of Scotland, the Leek of Wales, the Lily of

France, and the Lotus, the sacred flower of India.

In seeking for the reason hidden beneath all this symbology, we have only to turn to our own bodies, for there at the centre of the physical life is the heart, a cup-shaped vessel, from which has been developed the Symbol of the Sacred Heart, and from that our Communion Cup, a vessel truly serving the purpose of such vessel, for if we cease to empty as well as fill it we die, fit emblem of the Life poured out for the race from the heart filled to overflowing with Divine Life, and here we touch on the mystery of the great Passion of the Saviours of Men, in which too we must needs have our share, for—

> And not a drop that from that cup we throw
> For earth to drink of, but may steal below
> To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
> There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.
>
> *Stanza* xxxix.

And when at length the Old Poet left his earthly body as a cup that at last is emptied of its Wine, he asks his friends to think no more of his earthly remains, that is but an empty glass, while he himself is with "Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years."

But the Cup has still a further significance in Religious and Philosophic Terminology, since we find the stored up forces or principles often referred to as being preserved or held in some sacred vessel. Omar himself refers to the jewelled Cup of Jamschid which has been lost or translated into the heavens, but was still the emblem of Persia's power and riches; the Cauldron of Ceredwyn contained that which would confer on him who drank thereof the energy of a dauntless courage; the Druids spoke of a Cup of Wisdom which could be quaffed only by those who aspired after Divine Knowledge, and the numerous legends of the Holy Graal gather round the Cup used by Jesus and his followers at the last Passover, which at first fed its devotees with a miraculous sustenance, bestowing the virtue required by the changing years, courage as a good soldier, purity as the betrothed of the Virgin Mary, Sanctification as the blood shed upon the Cross, transubstantiation in the Holy Sacrament, and when withdrawn into the Heavens the Ideals of the mystic and the succour of the Saint, and for the world to-day, the Cup of Service poured out for many.

Bread

Associated with the use of Wine in the Sacrament, we always find Bread in some form, and here again we come upon a universal custom connected with our ordinary daily life, in so far as religious ritual has bequeathed to us many of our general customs.

In all religious festivals, from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, cakes of some kind were used, and in this country the usage still holds good. We have our Christmas cakes at the Winter Solstice, Pancakes usher in the Lenten fast, Cross-buns and unleavened bread mark the end of the fast, for the children the Whitsuntide bun is still forthcoming, fairs and holidays have their cakes and buns, and we still have birthday and wedding cakes, and biscuits at our orthodox funerals. For Bread is the Symbol of the material provision for the sustenance of the body of Man even as Wine is the Symbol of the Spirit or Life energy, and both are the product of the two forces which play behind all mani-

festation, energy, and union, Love and Energy, Dew and Fire, and it is significant that the Manna or Bread from Heaven of the traditional story, has to do with the term used to describe him, Man, the receiver of Manna or Manas, the Divine Mind or Food from Heaven. So Bread and Wine, the sustaining force and the inspiring Life came to be universal types or symbols, not only of the body broken and the blood shed in sacrifice, but also of the unity of the whole human race which is the body of the Logos, and of the Church which is the outward body of Christ, and it was not by hazard that in the olden days the Church was the dispenser of bread and wine, not only to the Saint, but also to the sick and needy who sought for help and comfort around its portals.

The Nightingale

. . . . . And Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
Were Paradise enow.

and although the reference here is clearly to the Nightingale it is often found that in illustrated editions of Rubáiyát the "Thou" is represented as a woman, not singing, but offering to the Poet a cup of Wine.

To Western minds the Nightingale is generally accepted as our sweetest singer of the bird world, partly perhaps, for its rarity, at least in the more northern parts, but more so because it sings alone when other voices are hushed and still. But to the Eastern the Bulbul or Persian Nightingale is the Symbol of the Soul, that indefinite, intangible and lonely something through which man expresses his many moods and longings, singing as it were within the darkness or hidden depths of his own being, but ever alone upon the rose tree of his own expression, unless it should be that some kindred soul should catch the strain across the watches of the

night, and mingling cadences produce a sweeter and fuller song. Hence, it is not altogether without reason that the Nightingale is represented as a lovely woman, since the soul is the garden in which flourish all the feminine beauties and graces, and it is through the soul that men find expression for their most sacred and most spiritual desires.

E-os, the singer in the Darkness, the Welsh term the Nightingale, and it is out of the Darkness of Chaos that the morning stars sang themselves into an ordered expression of the great forces which brooded over the primeval darkness.

The Rose

Associated with the Nightingale in both East and West we find the Rose, and many of our most popular stories are founded upon the love of the bird for the fragrant and beautiful flower, both of them expressions of the love and longing of the human soul, the one in song, the other in perfume. Hence the Rose stands as the symbol of another aspect of the soul, namely the sweetness of the graces shown forth in all human relationships and sacraments of daily life, the perfume of the true and perfect sage and saint, and used by Omar in contradistinction to the unlovely attitude of repentance, the first tenet of the Sufi teaching; and once Ramazán, or the month of fasting is over, and Spring bursts on the world, then too, the Roses blush forth scattering their fragrance over garden and field, content to lavish their sweetness on all who might desire it. So as the crowning of his own life, Omar desired no richer boon than that at last he should sleep where sunshine would fall upon his grave, and the blossoms he had loved so much should scatter their treasures upon his last resting place.

But the Rose has for many ages been used as a Symbol in Hermetic and Masonic Rituals, and has come in time to be associated with the Cross, and also to symbolise stages in initiation. In some of these Rituals the White Rose stands for joy, the innocent and grateful acceptance of all the beauties and pleasures of human experience; but for an unrequited love, the Nightingale is said to have pierced her own heart and thus to have incarnadined the blossom, and so the Red Rose stands for sorrow, and at the centre of the cross we find it used by the Rosicrucian Orders to signify their willingness to suffer even unto the shedding of blood for the salvation of their brethren, and thus achieve the perfection of the yellow or golden rose, the sweetest of all the roses of Persia, and significant of union with the Beloved, which has been won by the virtue or grace of Renunciation. Still one further step, and that is the black rose, rarer than all the others, for it typifies Silence, that Silence which "answers never a word."

That the rose had a deep signficance in the Christian Mysteries, is evident from the many legends which come down to us in connection therewith. It is said that

on the night of the birth at Bethlehem a rose bush at the door of the Stable bloomed forth into full flower although winter reigned over the land, and that the roses plucked from the tree and piously preserved, bloom fresh and fair as the Eve of the Christ-mass returns year after year; and there are many beautiful stories of a similar character connected with the Blessed Virgin and the Christian Saints, while to the older Prophets the coming of the Messiah was to change the waste places into water springs, and the desert was to blossom as the Rose. The desert is dry and unresponsive even as our experiences, until watered by the dew of Heaven, the Divine Love, we begin to shed forth the perfume of the true Self—the Rose Immortal, so that by merely coming within the Aura men shall say the world is sweeter for these souls who live and love and lift our thoughts to purer and diviner heights.

The Potter

In Eastern countries the Potter, the maker of Earthenware vessels, was a familiar figure, and because, roughly speaking, the body of man is said to have been formed of clay, he becomes in symbol a reference to the Great Artificer, or moulder of the Universe.

From this point of view, men have been only too eager in all ages to throw the blame of mis-shapen and useless bodies on this Great Artificer, either not knowing or wilfully ignoring the fact that these mis-shapen vessels are the result of their own ignorance, passion, and even wilful vice, and that it is the duty of man to discover how to create beautiful and perfect human bodies, fit vessels for the Divine Presence, Temples of the Holy Ghost.

So in the time of our Persian Poet this familiar imagery is used in this same connection, and as an excuse for faults within or adverse circumstances without:

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay;
And with its all obliterated tongue
It murmured, "Gently, Brother, gently pray."

And has not such a story from of old
Down man's successive generations rolled,
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human Mould?

and then later he stands among these vessels listening to their varied theories of life and experience:

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were; and some
Listened, perhaps, but never talked at all.

A few were hopeful, and although not fully understanding, were in a measure sure that not in vain had they come into existence. Said one among them:

. . . . . surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en,
And to this figure moulded, to be broke
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.

Then said a Second:

. . . . . Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy,
And he that with his hand the vessel made,
Will surely not in after wrath destroy.

Another turned all his shortcomings and unloveliness on to the clumsiness of the Potter, or to the mistakes of an ignorant or blind Providence:

After a momentary silence spake
Some vessel of a more ungainly shape,
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the hand then of the Potter shake?"

For which the Sufi with his theory of negation and agnosticism has the very modern argument:

Whereat some one of the loquacious lot,—
I think a Sufipipkin, waxing hot—
All this of Pot and Potter—tell me then
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the pot?

Another takes up the careless attitude of the would-be Epicurean:

Why, said another, some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.

While one longing for life, yearning for the rush of fresh energy pouring through pulse and brain, even as Omar yearned that once more the spiritual forces might

revivify the outworn and dying philosophies of his day, is heard to murmur to himself :

Well, murmured one, let whoso make or buy
My clay with long oblivion has gone dry :
But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.

▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

Thus, with perhaps a little more understanding of style and metaphor, we pass on to if possible divide the false from the true, and in the separation come to at least a more fair judgment of the Poet's own position and teaching.

The Teaching of his Time

Following a process of elimination, it may perhaps be well to substract that, which to Omar's own showing, he learnt from the orthodoxy of his time, in order to get at something like an approximately clear understanding of his own belief or philosophy.

That he had been an earnest student in his youth, he himself affirms in stanza xxvii.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about.

and the result of the argument is summed up in the trenchant sentence :

. . . . . but evermore
Came out by that same door wherein I went,

That is, being no wiser for all the learned discourses, he must seek for Wisdom elsewhere.

That he really desired Wisdom is evident:

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand laboured it to grow—
And this is all the Harvest that I reaped,
I came like Water, and like Wind I go,

Into this Universe and Why not knowing,
Nor Whence, like Water, willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as Wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried Hence?
Oh! many a cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence.

These three stanzas are among the best known and most often quoted of the Poet's work, and almost without exception, to support the theory of his materialistic and pessimistic attitude towards life; and yet a moment's consideration shows that this was what he gathered from the would-be philosophers of his day, a philosophy of nothingness, which indeed made of human joy and sorrow a shadow-show and an insolence, from whomsoever might be responsible for such a scheme of things. And yet, whether the old Poet knew it or not, there is at the foundation of this

seemingly hopeless doctrine, a wonderful and cosmic truth repeated in the story of every human soul, for like the Universe, we come like Water, out of the abyss of the Desire World, and like Wind or on the Wings of the Spirit, we at length go to our appointed place. But such an interpretation belongs to another line of thought, and is introduced here as from a by-path, because of the beauty of the idea when thus understood.

Next, Omar tries to rise above the bounds of Space and Time, to see if there might be some truer answer from the Great Unknown :

Up from Earth's centre, through the seventh gate,
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road,
But not the Master-Knot of human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee,
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Earth could not answer, nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn
Nor rolling Heaven, with all its signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the Thee in me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness, and I heard
As from without, "The Me within Thee Blind."

so that again from without there was no answer, and astronomer as he was, for him the stars were silent, and Time's record left him still upon the quest.

So he turns to material pleasure for a solution, to the careless, unheeding life around him, to find a similar failure:

Then lip to lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn,
And Lip to Lip it murmured, "While you live,
Drink; for once dead you never shall return."

and again the current epicurean philosophy of his age had failed to give him an answer which could satisfy his search for Truth, and so he dismisses these blind leaders of the blind:

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with Dust. *Stanza* xxvi.

and so ended his hope of materialistic philosophy.

Disappointed, he turns to what may be termed the Christian solution of the riddle, that is Christian as founded, not on the teaching of the Master, but on the Genesis narrative of creation as interpreted by the then Orthodox Church :

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties—if broke!

What! from his helpless creatures he repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent them dross-alloyed;
Sue for a debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh! the sorry trade.

and then follow, perhaps, the two finest stanzas of the Rubáiyát :

Oh! Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin,
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh! Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give, and take.

Sacrilegious says the pulpit, blasphemous cries the "unco guid," but pause a moment and think—would not such a God

need forgiveness, and is not this the very doctrine from which the present age has revolted, turning away from such a travesty of the true value of Man and the glory of his destiny, and contrary to the teaching of the founder of Christianity, who nowhere sets forth such a philosophy of Life. Omar was but a "higher critic" of his time, and saw more truly into the Divine Realities than many who, in this day, turn away from the bluntness of his Truth-seeking soul.

Not even for the physical body will he allow such unwarranted degradation, and here comes in again the reference to the Potter, as one of the vessels declares:

. . . . . surely not in vain
My substance of the Common Earth was ta'en,
And to the figure moulded, to be broke
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.

Then said a Second ne'er a peevish boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy,
And He that with His Hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.

But there is still another question which troubled Omar, as it has perplexed men of every race, namely, the question of Heaven and Hell, of Life in its entirety, Past,

Present, and Future, and we find the uncertainties of human ambitions and hopes dealt with in no superficial manner. His first invitation to come with him where "Name of Slave and Sultan is forgot," gives at once the key to the little value our Philosopher put upon mere worldly position or wealth, since he knew only too well that such distinctions were evanescent and might at any moment be reversed, and even if upheld to the end of this mortal span, there would come a time, when "the Lion and the Lizard keep the Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep." So in more than one stanza he sets forth this view which is a mere truism in the dicta of most students of appearance and reality. Thus in stanza xiii. :

Some for the glories of this world; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah! take the Cash and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

which is but another way of saying, your business is with this Life here and now, leaving the future to look after itself. Or again, in stanza xvi. :

The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour—and went his way.

For

To every man upon the Earth
Death cometh soon or late.

and this we all know and acknowledge.

But after death, what? That was a question to which he desired a true answer, but that land of the hereafter was silent as it has been to many others.

Strange is it not? that of the Myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

Stanza lxiv.

Of threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing is certain, *This* life flies.
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.

The revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
Are all but stories, which awoke from sleep,
They told their comrades, and to sleep returned.

So that in all the worlds there was no satisfaction, no abiding Truth to be found

along the avenues laid down by those who taught according to the letter, who put away from their lips the chalice of the wine of the spirit, and who, cold and unresponsive, shut themselves within their dark and silent temples, despising the Caravanserai, the common life of all God's children, and shutting out the sweetness of Rose and Nightingale, and all the love and longing which went up to the open heavens craving an answer from the unseen worlds, and it is only when we come to consider his own definite statements of his own belief that we find the true value of this wise and spiritual Teacher.

But once again the warning must be given, that it is only the decadent forms of Sufism, the false deductions and erroneous doctrines, which in the course of time had overlaid the Truths behind the Sufi, Buddhist, or Christian religions, which are the object of his attack, and not the sublime Verities which he as well as we may find, if in sincerity and humility we search for them in the right direction.

His own Philosophy

There is one set of verses often quoted in support of a Pessimistic theory of life which will serve well as an introduction to the present enquiry into Omar's real beliefs :—

Ah! my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears;
To-morrow! Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest
Have drunk their cup a Round or two before
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Oh! make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the Dust descend;
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
End!

So has written many an one of the earthly body, and of the pomp and vanity of transitory things; we can find the same ideas expressed in our own Scriptures, and

in substance most of it might have been the dirge of a materialist, but no materialist or out and out pessimist would have finished by saying—Sans End. For the body, it may indeed be "dust unto dust," the old well known formula, but the End? No! for "To-morrow I may be myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years."

Here indeed, is the belief in his own immortality, his imperishable unity with the great Life of all, and if we need further proof of this we find it in stanza lxxiii.

With Earth's first clay they did the Last Man knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sowed the seed;
And the first morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning, shall read.

Hence, whether we understand the How, Whence, Why, or Whither, the whole moves forward:

Yesterday, this Day's madness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph or Despair,

so from experience to experience the true self hastens on, and the mere question of the body in itself is one which we are for ever laying aside.

But since the body is after all the Temple of the Holy Ghost, it too, must have its value, and even this dust as it crumbles away may corrupt or purify the very earth with which it mingles :

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

Ah! with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died
And lay me shrouded in the living Leaf
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That e'en my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

an echo of which we find centuries later in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" for his friend, Arthur Hallam :

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid
That from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

Hence, when there comes the severance for the time being of Body and Soul, when the Angel shape proffers the last draught,

it will but mean more freedom and a larger Life:

So when the Angel of the Darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And offering his cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a shame—were't not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

And again, the other view of the value of the body, to quote once more:

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heaven Parwin and Mushtari* they flung
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul.

The Vine had struck a fibre, which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout,
Of my base metal shall be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.
*Parwin and Mushtari=Saturn and the Pleiades

Nor will he allow that the death of the body brings extinction, annihilation. *This* life flies, it is true, the flower of an incarnation droops and falls to earth again, but for the soul there is a

to-morrow in which exist the thousands of ages, or—

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press
End in what all begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were, To-morrow you shall not be less.

So for Omar there was no oblivion, no extinction in the unseen worlds, death was a mere episode of the Pilgrimage of the Soul, the Guest who returned time after time by way of the dust of mortal birth abode a little while and then shaking itself free once more, it mounted on the Air of Heaven, the Wind of the Spirit, and it is said that when Nizám ul Mulk was thus departing, he said of himself:

"Oh! God, I am passing away in the hand of the Wind," on the Wings of the Spirit.

But for these ideas, and for a true solution of Life, Omar has to seek and search, hence he dismisses Science from his house, that is orthodox teaching, and takes to himself the Wine instead, that is, he tries after the spiritual understanding, and this drives him into himself:

I sent my soul through the Invisible
Some letter of the After-life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, I myself and Heaven and Hell.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the shadow of a Soul on Fire
Cast on the Darkness into which ourselves
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

so here within himself there was hidden the great possibilities of creating for himself his own conditions, his own future, as a greater than he had declared: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." And even here, if things were inexplicable and the Game of Life seemed to be full of chance happenings, it was not really so:

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight, by the Master of the Show.

But helpless pieces of the Game He plays
Upon the Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and Thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question asks of Ayes and Noes
But here and there as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all, *He* Knows.

so that if things seem all awry and the issue of the Game be hidden while it last, still there is that which is moving to

that great Event of which a later poet wrote, and although

The Moving Finger writes, and having writ
Moves on: Nor all your Piety or Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Yet it is this very law of recurrent cause and effect that works out the plan of the Master of the Show, the Player of the Game, and tangled as things may seem, He Knows, He Knows, even as Tennyson sang to a later Age:

Thou wilt not leave us in the Dust,
Thou madest man he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die—
And Thou hast made him—Thou are just.

But Omar knew, as all mystics and poets know, that Truth and Falsehood often lie so near to each other that a mere inflexion of the voice, a look, a gesture, might make all the difference between the One and the other.

Would you the tangle of Existence spend
About the Secret, quick about it Friend;
A hair perhaps divides the False and True
And upon what, prithee, may life depend.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
Yes, and a single Aleph were the clue,
Could you but find it,—to the Treasure-house
And peradventure to the Master too.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi, and
They change and perish all, but *He* remains.

So this Astronomer Poet served his day and generation, and to us there have floated down much which seems wayward, and much which for want of continuity we do not rightly understand, but among it all there are rare flowers for the gathering, precious jewels for those who reverently search, and no where do we feel more in union with him than in one of the closing stanzas, in which we feel that his deepest heart wish is breathed out into the rose scented air :

Ah! Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.

A wish that has found an echo in many a heart since that far away time, a wish that has inspired the Reformer and the Dreamer of Ideal Commonwealths, of

Utopias and Heavenly Cities; but only the most enlightened of these have seen the true foundation and bond of Union, Love, The Wine of the Spirit, the Wine of Sacrifice, The Divine Principle in the Heart of Humanity, that only foundation upon which any true State can be builded, and this vision of the ultimate perfection of the Game when fully played out, puts Omar Khayyám among the Prophet Mystics of the Race.

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